



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Madrigal Singers

Leonard Katzlaff, director

Sunday, April 14, 1991 at 8 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Bldg.

University of Alberta

PROGRAM

God the Master of This Scene

Harry Somers
(b. 1925)

Exultate Deo

Giovanni Perluigi da Palestrina
(c. 1525-1594)

Exultate Deo

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Fair in Face

Healey Willan
(1880-1968)

Ave Maris Stella

Palestrina

Ave Maris Stella

Trond Kverno
(b. 1945)

**Lobet den Herrn,
alle Heiden BWV 230**

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Karen McClellan, cello
Richard Vander Woude, organ

INTERMISSION

Trois Chansons Bretonnes

Henk Badings
(b. 1907)

La Nuit en Mer
La Complainte des Ames
Soir D'été

Katherine Huget, piano

**In the Dying of Anything
The Sea**

Malcolm Forsyth
(b. 1936)

Malcolm Forsyth, conductor

Prayer Before Sleep

Sid Robinovitch

My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land

Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

**The Maypole
The Lover's Arithmetic**

Paul Halley

Katherine Huget, piano

Witness

Jack Halloran

Texts and Translations

Exultate Deo

*Exultate Deo, adjutori nostro,
Jubilare Deo Jacob.
Sumite psalmum, et date tympanum
Psalterium jucundum cum cithara
Buccinate in neomaenia tuba
Insigni die solemnitate vestrae.*

Rejoice greatly to God our helper,
shout for joy to the God of Jacob.
Take up a psalm, and bring the timbrel
and the sweet psaltery with the harp,
blow the trumpet on the new moon,
on the notable day of your solemnity.

- from Psalm 80

Ave Maris Stella

*Ave, maris stella, Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo, felix caeli porta.*

Hail, star of the sea, loving Mother of God,
And Virgin immortal, heaven's blissful portal!

*Sumens illud Ave Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace, mutans Evae nomen.*

Receiving that "Ave" from the mouth of Gabriel
Reversing the name of "Eva", establish us in peace.

*Solve vincla reis, profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.*

Break the chains of sinners, bring light to the blind,
Drive away our evils, and ask for all good things.

Ave Maris Stella continued

*Monstra te esse matrem, sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus tulit esse tuus.*

Show thyself to be a mother, that, through thee,
He may accept our prayers, He who born for us,
Chose to be your Son.

*Virgo singularis, inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos, mites fac et castos.*

O incomparable Virgin, meek above all others,
Make us, freed from our faults, meek and chaste.

*Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum, semper collaetemur.*

Keep our life pure, make our journey safe,
So that, seeing Jesus, we may rejoice together forever.

*Sit laus Deo Patri, summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto, tribus honor unus.
Ave, gratia plena, Dominus tecum!
Benedicta tu in mulieribus! Amen.*

Let there be praise to God the Father,
And glory to Christ the most High, and to the Holy Spirit,
And to the Three be one honor.
Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,
Blessed art thou among women. Amen.

- 9th Century Hymn

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden

*Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden, und preiset ihn, alle Völker!
Denn seine Gnade und Wahrheit waltet über uns in Ewigkeit.
Alleluja. - Psalm 117*

Praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise Him, all ye people!
For His grace and truth watches over us for evermore.
Alleluja.

La nuit en mer

*La brise enfle notre voile, voice la première étoile,
qui luit sur le flot qui nous balance.*

Amis, voguons en silence dans la nuit.

*Tous bruits viennent de se taire,
on dirait que tout sur terre est mort:*

*Les humains comme les choses,
les oiseaux comme les rose, tout s'endort.*

*Mais la mer, c'est la vivante,
c'est l'immensité mouvante toujours
prenant d'assaut les jetées
dédaigneuse des nuitées et des jours.*

*Hormis elle rien n'existe
que le grand phare et son triste reflet.*

*A la place la meilleure, mes amis,
jetons sur l'heure le filet,
puis enroulé dans nos voiles,
le front nu sous les étoiles, dormons!*

*Rêvons, en la paix profonde
à tous ceux, qu'en ce bas monde
nous aimons; dormons sur nos goélettes
comme en nos bercelonnettes d'enfants.*

*Et demain à marée haute
nous rallierons à la côte triomphants!*

The Night in the Sea

The breeze catches our sail.

Here is the first star, shining on the wave that cradles us.

Friends, let's sail into the night in silence.

All sounds become still, all on earth seems dead:

People as well as things, birds as well as roses--

All slumber.

But the sea, it is alive!

It is a moving immensity constantly assaulting the piers,
scornful of night and day.

Except for the sea, nothing exists but the lighthouse
and its sad reflection.

The Night in the Sea continued

To a better place, friends, we cast our net over the hour.
Then, wrapped in sails, faces bared to the stars, we sleep.
In profound peace, we dream of all that we love
in the lowly world.

We sleep in our boats as if in our cradles,
and tomorrow at high tide,
we will sail triumphantly toward shore.

La complainte des âmes

*Vierge Marie, ô bonne Mère, o bonne Mère de Jésus
c'est ici la complainte amère,
que chantent ceux, qui ne sont plus.
Nous venons en ce soir d'automne
frapper aux portes des amis.
C'est Jésus Christ qui nous ordonne
de réveiller les endormis.*

*Vous, qui dormez dans la nuit noire,
ah! Songez vous de temps en temps,
qu'au feu flambant du Purgatoire
sont, peut-être, tous vos parents.*

*Ils sont là, vos pères, vos mères,
feu pardessus, feu pardessous,
espérant, en vain, les prières
qu'ils ont droit d'espérer de vous.
Songez vous qu'ils disent peut-être
tous les Chrétiens d'icibas:*

*Priez pour nous sans nous connaître
puisque nos gâs ne le font pas!
Dans la purgatoire on nous laisse,
priez pour ceux qui ne prient pas!
Priez pour nous! Priez sans cesse
puisque nos gâs sont des ingrats!
Sont des ingrats!*

The Lament of Souls

This is the bitter lament sung by those who are no longer...
We come in this autumn evening to knock at friends' doors:
It is Jesus Christ who commands us to awaken
those who sleep
All you who sleep in the darkness,
Do you sometimes dream that your parents burn
in the fire of purgatory?
They are there, your fathers, your mothers...
Fire above, fire below, hoping in vain for the prayers
they have the right to expect of you.
Do you dream that they say to all Christians here on earth:
"Pray for us though you don't know us,
We are left in purgatory.
Pray for those who do not pray!
Pray for us!
Pray without ceasing, because our children are ungrateful!"

Soir d'été

*Lison, ma câline, quittons la colline
car le jour décline au rouge horizon.
Avant qu'il ne meure profitons de l'heure:
A notre demeure viens t'en, ma Lison!
Dans la paix immense du soir qui commence
monte la romance des petits grillons,
et la plaine rase, que Phébus embrase,
savoure l'extase des derniers rayons.
Des voix enjôleuses sortent des yeuses:
Ce sont des berceuses, des petits oiseaux.
Et sa porte close, la fermière Rose,
chante même chose entre deux berceaux!
C'est l'heure très pure, où dans la ramure
passe le murmure du grand vent calmé.
L'heure langoureuse, l'heure où l'amoureuse
se suspend, heureuse au bras de l'aimé;
c'est l'heure touchante, où tous nous enchante,
où la cloche chante l'Angélus au loin,
et c'est l'heure grise, où la douce brise*

Soir d'été continued

*s'imprègne et se grise de l'odeur du foin;
c'est l'heure, où tout aime, où la du blasphème
le méchant, lui même, est un peu meilleur:
Le coeur se dépouille de tout se qui souille,
l'ame s'agenouille devant le Seigneur!
Lison, ma petite, prions le bien vite
pour qu'on ne se quitte de l'éternité
et qu'il nous convie à fuir cette vie
à l'heure ravie d'un beau soir d'été.*

Summer Evening

Lison, my coquette, let's leave the hill,
For the day fades into the red horizon.
Before it dies, let's take advantage of the hour:
Come to our home, my Lison!
In the profound peace of early evening
rises the cricket's song,
And the mown plain that Phebus embraces
savours the ecstasy of the last rays.
Alluring voices come from the oak trees.
They are the lullabies of the birds.
And behind her door, the rosy maid
sings the same song between two cradles.
It is a pristine hour, when the murmur
of a great calming wind passes through the branches.
A langourous hour, an hour when the lover
rests in the arms of her beloved.
It is a moving hour, when everything enchants us,
When the clock chimes the Angelus in the distance.
And it is a gray hour, when the gentle breeze
is clouded and made heavy by the odour of the hay.
It is the hour when everyone is in love,
When, weary of blasphemy, even the wicked behave themselves.
The heart sheds all that soils it,
The soul bows down before the Lord!
Lison, my little one, let's pray

Summer Evening continued

That we will never be separated from Eternity.
And that the Lord will invite us to flee this life
At the ravishing hour of a beautiful summer evening.

- *Théodore Botrel*

Prayer before Sleep

Baruch atah Adonai
Eloheinu melech ha-olam
Hamapil chavlei sheina
Al einai ut'numah al afapai

Exalted art Thou, O my Lord
Who art God and King of the World,
Who weighs down my eyes
With gentle bonds of sleep,
And refreshes my tired spirit with slumber.

Vih ratson milfanecha
Adonai Elohai Velohei Avotaie
Shetashkiveini l'shalom
V'ta-amiideini l'shalom

May ever it be Thy will,
Lord my God, and God of all my fathers,
To lay me down in untroubled peace
And raise me up in peace once more.

V'al y'vahaluni rayonai
Vachalomot ra-im
V'harhorim ra-im
U-t'hi mitati shleima l'fanecha

Do not let dark imaginings disturb me
With thoughts of sin and despair.
O heal my fear and my suffering -
May my bed be enclosed in Thy care.

Prayer before Sleep continued

V'ha-er einai

Pen ishan hamavet

Ki atah hame-ir

L'ishon bat-ayin

Baruch atah Adonai

Hame-ir la-olam kulo

Bichvodo

Give light unto my eyes
Lest the sleep of death o'ertake me.
For 'tis Thou who breathes life
Into man's slumbering soul.
Exalted art Thou, O Lord,
Who illuminates all the world with His glory.

- *Babylonian Talmud*

Special Spring Concert:

Ensemble Polyphonique de Nice from Nice, France
with the University of Alberta **Chamber Orchestra** and
Madrigal Singers.

Gilbert Bessone, Conductor.

Wednesday, May 1, 1991 at 8 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

Admission: \$5 /Adults and \$3 /Students & Seniors.

Tickets will be available at the door.

The University of Alberta Madrigal Singers

Leonard Ratzlaff, Director

Katherine Huget, Accompanist

Soprano

Ingrid Bartz
Melanie Cherniwchan
Michelle Crouch
Heather Davidson
Nina Hornjatkevyc
Marion McFall
Susan Moyles
Shannon Robertson
Nancy Rogers
Krista Steed
Melinda Van Hove

Alto

Catharine Buchanan
Elizabeth de Jong
Julie Golosky
Karen Hamm
Katherine Huget
Christine P Janicki
Leanne Mulesa
Kirsten Sönnichsen
Kara Thompson

Tenor

Kenneth Chen
Tim Hankewich
George Irwin
Robert Reed

Bass

Bruce Cable
Tom Hoim
Troy Janzen
Kim Krahn
Irvine Sandstra
Leyton Schnellert
Frank Sönnichsen

